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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 344.

THIS IS TO YOU!

Please examine the date on your label, and if it does not call for some future time, you are to receive your paper, and would confer a great favor by forwarding us \$1. It is a small matter to you, but in the aggregate it is a big thing to us.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
In every particular, and our Job Presses are now in operation, and we are prepared to receive orders for all kinds of printing.

SCHOOLS.

Cincinnati Musical Institute!
150 W. NINTH STREET.
FACULTY—INSTRUMENTAL—Miss E. E. Evans, of Cincinnati; Conservatory, Miss R. Postman; Mrs. Rosa G. Evans, Vocal; Miss F. C. Evans, Piano; Mrs. A. K. Evans, Piano; G. Evans, System will be followed. Arrangements for the reception of boarding pupils. Convenient street car connections to all parts of the city and suburbs. Terms moderate. For particulars and information address Miss E. E. Evans, 150 W. Ninth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS

This institution will open

ITS NINTH SESSION,

—ON THE—

2ND MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A

THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAW-

ING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

For full particulars, as to Board, etc., address

MRS. A. C. TRUBBART, Principal,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

TARRANT COLLEGE!

ORAB ORCHARD, KY.

The Fourth Annual Session of this
First-class School for Young Ladies,
will be commenced Mon-
day, August 6th, 1878.Mrs. F. H. Tarrant, Principal, and Teach-
er of French, Higher Mathemat-
ics and Education.Mrs. E. M. Mayes, Music, Vocal and
Instrumental.Miss Mattie E. Coleman, Art and Calli-
graphy.Miss Fannie Parke, Assistant Teacher. Miss
Florin H. Wheat, Primary.Board and Tuition in Library, \$15
per Month, Tuition in Music \$5
per Month, Oct. 1st, 1878.
\$4 per Month.

Send for Catalogue.

Mrs. F. H. TARRANT,
Orab Orchard, Ky.

STANFORD SEMINARY

Prof. BARBER. Prof. JENNINGS.

The next session of this institution will begin

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 1878.

And continue forty weeks, with a vacation of one
week at Christmas.
The Principal will continue in charge, but
he has associated with himself Prof. Jennings,
of Westfield Female College, who will have special
charge of classes in the Ancient and Modern Lan-
guages.

TERMS:

PER SESSION OF TWENTY WEEKS.

1st Grade, \$15; 2nd Grade, \$20;

Senior Grade, \$25.

TAKE NOTICE.

1st. No pupils received who are in arrears for pre-
vious sessions.
2nd. All bills due at the end of two months after
matriculation.
3rd. All pupils charged from date of entry until
the end of that session.
4th. No deductions for absence except in cases of
protracted sickness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARBER SHOP!
H. P. Montgomery, - Proprietor.
Offers his professional services to the public.
HAIRCUTTING, HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING,
done in the best and most fashionable style. Shop
under the St. Asaph Hotel. 341-1**W. CRAIG.**
—WITH—
J. & L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE
CLOTHING AND DRESSING HOUSE
N. W. COR. 34 & VINT ST.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.**WHEAT & DUFF,**
[Successors to Wheat & Chandler.]
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Agents for Frankfort Cotton Mills,
Opposite Louisville Hotel,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
(187-1)

His Newspaper Contributions.

He was a friend of mine, and used

frequently to drop in and give me ad-

vice as to how I ought to run my pa-

per. He was a minister, and con-

sequently thought I could devote it a

little more to the cause of religion,

and not quite so much to politics. He

was a lover of the original, too, and

said he disliked to see reprint, and

thought I should write more—take

the time, in fact, to fill the paper

right up with good, new stuff. It

seemed such an easy thing for him

that one day I ventured to say:

"Brother, you had a glorious meet-

ing at the school house last night, I

hear—suppose you write it up for

me?"

He didn't seem to act as though he

wanted to. I urged.

He flushed a little, and turned

around awkwardly. He had never

been honored with an invitation to

write for the press before. I still

urged.

Then he took off his gloves and his

hat. Then I gave him a seat at the

table with paper and pencil. He sat

down to editorial work.

He was always talking about how

it should be done, and now he was at

it. He started in.

I went about my work, and having

written a column or two of matter for

the week's paper, left him still writ-

ing, while I went out to solicit some

advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, and

when I came back he was still at it.

He was sweating awfully.

The table and floor were white with

copy paper, and the pencil in his hand

was much diminished in length.

I went to dinner. When I returned

he was at it yet. The pencil was

shorter and he was wetter. It was

summer.

The hours dragged along into the

middle of the afternoon. His eyes

were bent on the dazzling white paper

before him, and his fingers moved

nervously, and the pencil was a stub.

I began to be frightened. I knew I

had only a small weekly paper, and

that its fourteen columns of space (one

side was a patent inward) would not

hold the contents of the Bible, and the

supplemental messages from heav-

en beside.

At last the man looked up, and tim-

idly advancing with a piece of paper

in his hand, suddenly went back to

change a word.

Then he came on again, and, like

one who had passed through a vision,

held out the paper and feebly asked:

"Will that do?"

I looked. There was just seven

lines of it, advertising measure.

He was a large man, weighed over

two hundred pounds then, but when I

met him three weeks later, he weighed

less than one hundred and twenty-five.

He had been sick. The seven-line

nine-hour effort was too much for him.

But it was not all lost. He never ad-

vised an editor again. Neither did

he compose for a paper again.

It was hard work for him to write,

and he was not out for an editor.

A Transplanted Scalp.

Four years ago Miss Lucy A. Os-

borne, of New Milford, Conn., had

her scalp, right ear, and part of the

right cheek torn off by the catching

of her hair in rapidly moving ma-

chinery. She has since been under

treatment in a hospital in this city,

but was recently sent home with a

new scalp, produced by the process of

skin grafting, the grafts being furnish-

ed by the hospital surgeons. It is

said that 12,000 pieces were used in

the operation. One of the surgeons

contributed from his person 1,202

pieces, and another gave 865. The

appearance of the scalp now is similar

to that of a healed wound. Of course,

there can be no growth of hair there-

on. The eyes still present a slightly

drawn appearance. The wounds of

the cheek and ear have neatly dress-

ed, the former leaving scarcely a scar.

In the first of the grafting process,

bits of skin the size of nickel pieces

were employed, but not with good

success, and at the suggestion of an

English surgeon much smaller pieces

were substituted, and with excellent

results. Miss Osborne is now twenty-

two years old.

If signs don't fail, the coming win-

ter will be the coldest experienced in

this latitude since the country was

discovered by a man named Mr. Co-

lumbus. The squirrels are laying in

their winter coal; the beavers are put-

ting hoppers in the basement of their

lodges; the bees have killed off the

drones and lined their hives with sheet

iron; the muskrats are flying South;

wild ducks are committing suicide;

the goose-bone is black sixteen inches

deep; Western editors are soliciting

wood in exchange for subscriptions;

poor families are buying an extra dog,

and we have had a new collar put on

our overcoat. [Norristown Herald.]

The Profane Purson.

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time, in the dark ages

of the nineteenth century, there lived

a gentleman who held a commission

in the army.

CHAPTER II.

But he had serious scruples as to

whether it was right or wrong to kill

his fellow creatures at the bidding of

others, or in fact, whether it was

not a crime to kill his fellow men at

all.

CHAPTER III.

He decided that it was wrong, es-

pecially the glitter and tinsel thrown

about the murderous profession; so he

sold his commission and entered the

church, thinking that, as he was an

intelligent man, and not a mere ma-

chine, he might do more good to hu-

manity in that line than in the other

line.

CHAPTER IV.

One day, discoursing to a rustic

congregation on the folly of using pro-

fane language, he told them that he

himself was once guilty of the same

folly, and addicted to the same vice,

but that he had completely conquered

the habit.

CHAPTER V.

A flying insect, hearing the boast,

winked his eye at the congregation,

and thought, "I'll put him to the

test." So, making a circuit around

the gentleman's head, he lit upon his

nose.

"Beel" said the reverend gentleman;

"here is an illustration. At one time

I should have sworn awfully at this

fly—but, look now." Raising his hand

he said gently, "Go away, little fly,

go away!" But the fly only tickled

his nose the more.

The reverend gentleman, raising

his hand with some vehemence, made

a grab at the offender; and, being suc-

cessful, opened it to throw the insect

from him, when in extreme disgust, he

exclaimed, "Why, d—n it, it's a

wasp!"

Horror of the rustic congregation, fail-

ure of the illustration, and

THE END.

[Baltimore Every Saturday.]

Japanese Ladies Bathing in Public.

As we were about to leave, a lady

of elegant attire and attended by a

female servant bearing her toilet ap-

paratus, and another with luxuries of

the bath, entered. Our new arrival,

after giving some directions, with the

assistance of her maid, began to ar-

range herself for the bath. With her

maid she neatly folded and laid

away on a cloth in a clean place, each

particle of her apparel as it was re-

moved. First the silken robe, then the

flowing gawlike robe of purple, then

the neither garments of white, until

she reached nature's own, says the

Philadelphia Times. As gently as a

sphyx playing upon the foliage of the

trees, she stepped along toward the

water. Her beautifully rounded

form and poetry of motion would

have been worthy of the sculptor's

chisel. A beautifully rounded ankle,

and a pretty foot, vaguely visible be-

tween the lamed folds of a dozen

skirts, would set the whole commu-

nity agog at home; while a whole form,

nude as nature and more beautiful

than an angel, would not so much as

attract a passing glance in Japan.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—A rather

amusing incident is told as having

occurred recently at a church in Con-

necticut, not many miles from Fair-

field. The clergyman, it would ap-

pear, desired to call the attention of

his congregation to the fact that it

being the last Sunday of the month

he would administer the rite of bap-

tism to children. Previous to his

having entered the pulpit, he had re-

ceived from of his elders, who, by the

way, was quite dead, a notice to the

effect that as the children would be

present that evening, and he had the

new Sunday-school books ready for

distribution, he would have them

there to sell to all who desired them.

After the sermon, the clergyman be-

gan the notice of baptismal service,

thus: "All of those having children

and desiring to have them baptized

will bring them this afternoon." At

this point the deaf elder, hearing the

mention of children, supposed it was

something in reference to his books,

and rising, said: "All of those hav-

ing use, and desiring them, will be

supplied by me for the sum of 25

cents."

A Fulton (N. Y.) man laid his

finger on the table in front of a buzz-

saw to feel the momentum of air. The

saw was going so fast that the teeth

were not to be seen. His finger was

taken off. While he was looking at

it the foreman came up with the ques-

tion, "How did you do it?" "Why,"

I put my finger down so," answered

deep, placing the other forefinger, as he

thought, well away from the teeth.

To his horror, the saw took that one,

too, clean off at the same joint.

The Pauper Tribe.

The difference between poverty and pauperism, though while as the world, is too often overlooked. The best of men may become poor; may honorably reach the point of actual destitution; indeed, it has not unfrequently happened that the world's best benefactors have experienced extreme poverty, some times by resolutely pursuing the course which has ultimately brought them to the highest financial and industrial as well as moral success. No combination of circumstances, however, so matter how illustrious, could make such men paupers. The pauper is made of very different material; he is what he is too often by preference, very often by inheritance.

Last year, Dr. Hoyt, Secretary of the New York State Board of Charities, visited sixty-four poor-houses, containing 15,000 public paupers. Less than one-fourth were of American parentage. In 55 cases investigated the pauperism extended to the second generation on the father's side, and in 92 cases to the third generation on the mother's side. Three hundred and sixty-seven had pauper fathers; one thousand three hundred and sixty-one had pauper mothers; and so on. Their pauperism was hereditary. The close relation of criminality with pauperism—the more forceful members of such families preferring to seize what they want rather than beg for it—is shown in the history of the well known "Jukes" family, which, in one hundred and fifty years, furnished this State with eight hundred and thirty criminals of base types, besides many lunatics, idiots, and other undesirable characters.

Prof. Brewer, who has given much study to the pauper and tramp problem, is confident that wherever the genesis of paupers is thus looked into there will be found abundant evidence of a pauper tribe well established among us, and perpetuating its instincts in its descendants. For this class no mawkish sentimentality will narrow; they need strict justice. The class as a class must be rooted out by resolute treatment. The chain of criminal entanglement must some how be broken in them or they will breed a moral pestilence. Against such outbreaks, "for whom," as a contemporary has said, "childhood has no sanctity, hospitality no safeguard, and property no rights," only vigorous measures will suffice. There is enough of honest poverty, through flood and fire and sickness, to furnish occupation to the charitable without the burden of voluntary pauperism, the effect of which is too often to steel the hearts of the sympathetic against all poverty and distress. The honest seeker for employment is confounded with the professional tramps, of whom the most charitable of communities are becoming heartily sick. In justice to the deserving poor—and there is always a large class which, through no fault of their own, may become poor—the pauper tribe should at least receive no encouragement.

For many years in this country the single fact that a person was in need of food or clothing or shelter was held to be a valid reason for giving what was asked. The country became in consequence a perfect paradise for the pauper tribe. They fared so well that multitudes brought by adverse circumstances to poverty were tempted over the line into pauperism; and many others lingered on the verge, passing their time between unwilling labor, pauperism, and petty criminality. Out of this has grown a class of criminal vagrants, now by far the worst disturbers of the public peace and the public moral health.

Indeed, the Italian proverb, bad as it is, is a trifle compared with that arising from the existence of the pauper tribe. The Indian is on the frontier; the vicious tramp is everywhere. And it is safe to say that, year by year, the life and property destroyed by the tramp tribe exceeds that due to Indian depredations. If we are justified in spending millions in Indian wars, in placing upon reservations and trying to civilize the one class of savages, much more justifiable must be the taking of measures, national in scope and magnitude, to control and reclaim if possible the other. Nothing short of this, we fear, will ever rid us of the pest.—(Scientific American.)

That Henry Ward Beecher should be a Grant man is in perfect accordance with the fitness of things. It is eminently fitting that the most corrupt preacher who ever stood in an American pulpit should be found advocating the reelection of the most corrupt President who ever sat in the chair of Washington.—(N. Y. Sun.)

Go North, South, East or West, and you will find coughs and colds at this season of the year. A remedy which never fails to give satisfaction is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of its cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

The Paris Matrimonial Market.

Paris has done many things for an idea. Let me picture one of her facts that she has fostered tenderly, and is now a rampant industry. We go in to No. 3 Rue Croix de la Vierge, where are bachelors seeking whom we may matrimonially devour and we ask for Madame Boquet. And we no sooner ask than we receive, and in she comes. She is heavy, yet loud and explosive. But she is business-like in the extreme. Madame Boquet invites our wandering steps into an inner room, neatly, tastefully and comfortably furnished. Paris rooms are typical. Polished floor, a Turkey carpet partly covering it, innocent of any more eastern region than Aubusson; four chairs, chiefly to be looked at; two or more clocks that are ignorant of "correct times" much looking-glass in places where other people put plain wall; many vases and many flowers; a portrait of a deceased Marshal or General, or some other military functionary, that catches the constant glance of Madame and creates a Yeuxian sigh, with Niagara tears now and then. The library of Madame consists of the Figue newspaper and the city directory. Will Madame favor us with her invoice of merchandise? She will. Here it is: fifteen orphans from eighteen to twenty-seven years of age, having each a fortune ranging in amount from \$6,000 to \$120,000, all in their own right—absolute. Twenty-five young ladies, ages from nineteen to thirty-six years: fortunes \$8,000 to \$180,000. Twenty-four widows (shades of Tony Weller) from twenty-seven to fifty-eight years of age, having from \$7,500 to \$110,000. These three categories—orphans young ladies and widows—compose the stock in trade of Madame Boquet, who may be, for all I know, one of the descendants of "the Groves of Blarney." We select two orphans three young ladies and one widow. Meetings are arranged for, and by some pious proclivity of Madame the last becomes first, and the widow is selected. We submit meekly. The widow's description is fully pictured before us—in fact, we see her photograph, learn her age and searchingly inquire how I shuffled off this mortal coil. We dwell on this with interest and some degree of anxiety. Madame is reassuring. She books our name, address and personal appearance and possessions. She assures herself at once as to the latter, and pockets our fifty francs registering fee. Madame, with infinite composure, suggests that a meeting on the matrimonial question will require some little time to arrange, and suggests the first week in July as an eligible date. I shall have to recur, therefore, to this phase of Parisian industry, and, considering that the thermometer at present marks some ninety degrees in the shade, it is likely to be one of my "questions brutantes" of the future. I salute, therefore, Madame Boquet, and bid adieu to the expected and taunting visions of the fifteen orphans, twenty-five young ladies and twenty-four widows.—[Paris Cor. Baltimore Sun.]

Something that Doesn't Happen Every Day.

Some years ago in one of the eastern States a tramp came up to a cozy little farm house, about sundown. His clothes were soiled and his feet blistered, long and toilsome had been his journey, and the end was not yet. He asked for a night's lodging and something to eat, which was cheerfully granted by the little housewife, who was careful to entertain strangers. The tramp seemed to be a man of some polish, with something of the true gentleman about him. The next morning the man of the house invited him to spend a few days and rest himself, which he did, and went on his journey with body and clothes in a better condition. Years came and went, and the poor tramp was almost forgotten by the family. The little wife toiled on with her household duties while the farmer brought in the bread by the sweat of his brow.

One day a stranger, not a tramp, made his appearance, and asked the family if they recognized him. After his mentioning the circumstances of his being at their house at such a time and resting for so many days they remembered him as the tramp, but he had improved some in appearance. The family was glad to see him, and he stayed with them until after dinner, and just as he was taking leave of the family he handed the farmer a document, then bid them adieu, and was seen no more. As soon as the man was gone the farmer brought himself, of the paper and read it. It was a bona fide deed to one of the best improved farms in all of that country.

HEATHEN JAPAN.—Professor Edward L. Morse, who holds the professorship in the University at Yedo, a city of 1,000,000 people, is now in this country. He recently delivered a lecture on the manners and customs of that people, in which he alluded to their careful treatment of children, the invariable cleanliness of their houses, resulting in the entire absence of diseases such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other affections so common in this country. The people are of gentle manners and particularly kind and careful of their animals. During his residence there he never heard a cross word uttered by a native, saw no fighting, and heard no profanity.

A faithful nurse who had poisoned by sheer accident a patient in the St. Louis Female Hospital, committed suicide last Thursday night after writing a letter to her mother and sister which cannot be read without a heart-ache. Corrosive sublimate was given to a young girl in place of solution of salts. The nurse could not account for her blunder and could only repeat the words: "My God! Doctor I did it; I alone am to blame. I have killed her, ruined myself, and I only hope it will not ruin you." She watched beside the patient for several days, frequently declaring that she would live if Alice lived and die if Alice died. When the poor girl breathed her last the terror-stricken nurse cried: "Don't talk to me, I'm crazy." Within an hour she was herself in agony of death having taken a large quantity of carbolic acid. Among the last words written to her home friends were these: "My dears, if it is God's will that she must die, then I shall go with my victim at the time, life for life. This is the way I make atonement. Through the night to light." Sad enough.

The romance of Judge Orson Brooks' marriage in Denver, is of no ordinary sort. Forty-five years ago a Massachusetts maiden promised to marry him. They had a childish quarrel, and separated, he to go West, and ultimately to marry there; she to remain and be led to the altar in her native village. In a few years she had lost her husband and he had married his wife. Both were then married a second time, and after a lapse of years again laid husband and wife in the grave. Chance then threw the Judge and his first love together, and they married. He is 70 and she 65.

Of cotton cloth the United States exported last year 126,000,000 yards, while the amount in 1874, was but 18,000,000. Employers claim that the earnings of mill operatives are higher now than 1860, in proportion to the cost of living, and mills are supplying goods at less cost than in that year. Although supplies cost more and cotton the same, greater skill and economy, with improved machinery, produce these results.

The good man clambered the gate and banished the front door and knocked a noise, for his heart was without guile and he feared not the grievous words of his wife; but the naughty man shut the gate softly and stealthily up stairs in his stocking feet and the last condition of that man is worse than the first.

An impatient boy, while waiting for the grist at the mill, said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as your mill grinds it." "How long could you do so?" asked the miller. "Till I was starved to death," retorted the boy.

Extra Liability to Malarial Infection.

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and liver sluggish, are especially liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure, under such conditions, leads to a system which, in health, would resist the malarial taint. The only way to secure immunity from malarial infection is to keep the system by improving weakened digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to liver action. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hatcher's Malarial Bitters, which have been proved to be the most reliable safeguard against malarial fever and ague and malarial disorders, as well as the best remedy for the liver. The Bitters are, moreover, an excellent purgative of the system of malarial, and an active depurative, eliminating from the blood all malarial impurities which originate in malarial infection.

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

A Broken Heart.

A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions, we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood vessels; and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances can not often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr. Richardson, in the case of a member of his own profession. This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifling in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Some times his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over there were hours of sorrow and regret in private which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short, severe madness he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his "heart were lost." He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock, and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. "I am broken-hearted," he would say, "physically broken-hearted." And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken heart tempered marvellously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder.—[Chambers' Journal.]

A New Process with Coffee.

A German has just discovered a process, which he claims to be able to preserve coffee in all its perfection, and at the same time to render it more portable and unalterable for a length of time. To effect his object he subjects the freshly roasted and ground coffee to a pressure of from forty to seventy atmospheres (thirty-three pounds to the square inch each) in suitable cast-iron molds. The coffee is thus made into cakes, and comes into the market in a form resembling chocolate, divided like the latter by lines, to facilitate breaking into pieces of suitable size for use. The interior surface of the mold is highly polished, by which means the outer crust of the compressed coffee is made sufficiently smooth and hard to prevent the tendency of the ethereal oil of the berry to escape from the interior of cakes. The volume of the coffee thus prepared is reduced to less than one-third of that of the original. The inventor claims that the operation does not in the least effect the good qualities of the article, and that it can be packed and transported in tin-foil, or otherwise, preserving its aroma indefinitely.

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Cincinnati Southern R.R.

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